To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her Mistris.
Por. Is this true, *Nerrissa*?
Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Bass. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. Wee'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats
Ner. What, and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere, *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
What, and my olde venetian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreate me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it. Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?

How

How doth that royall Merchant, good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lo
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same p
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke,
Some deare friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio*, I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweete *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasantst words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Lady,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing; for indeed
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feed my meanes. Heer's a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And euery word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?
Hath all his ventures faild? what, not one hit,
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had